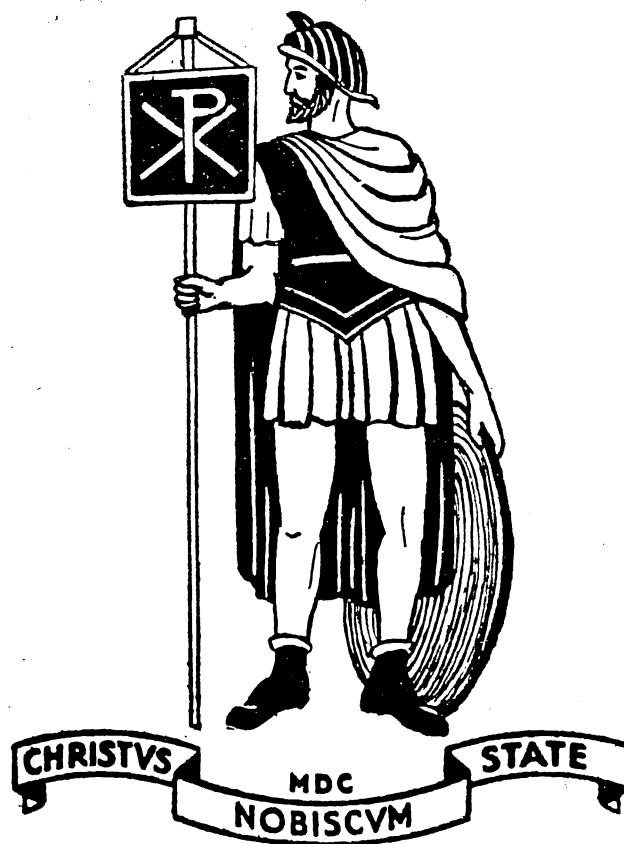


The
Alcester Grammar



School Record

December, 1945.

Alcester Grammar School Record.

No. 82.

DECEMBER, 1945.

EDITOR—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—

JOAN HORSEMAN, SHEILA STALLARD, KATHLEEN HOLMES, SONIA SHORE,
EADIE i., GRAY i., PRESTIDGE, WAINWRIGHT.

OLD SCHOLARS' NEWS.

Greetings once more to all Old Scholars this Christmas time and best wishes for their prosperity in 1946. Already, we understand, a number of Old Scholars have been released from the Forces, and many more should have returned to civilian life before the next issue of the "Record" appears. We wish to thank all those who have written to us during recent months from various parts of the world.

R. J. Hunt, writing from the Mediterranean at the end of July, said that he had just been spending a week in New York, where he had narrowly missed seeing D. Goode and P. Chatterley. At the time of writing, he was finding the pleasure of a voyage through the Mediterranean rather spoiled by the terrific heat. Baths had to be taken three times and clothes changed twice a day.

K. Woods is now stationed in Greece with the Corps of Military Police.

S. K. Walker, who is now in India, has been promoted to the rank of Captain.

We hear of several encounters of Old Scholars in distant places; P. Rutter and P. Wheeler met in Calcutta; C. H. Baylis and S. Styler met in Cairo; and J. Stuart and G. Wilkes met in Hong Kong.

Congratulations to W/O. I. C. Robinson, who has been awarded the D.F.C.

Flora Johnson has for more than a year been a Staff-Sergeant in the A.T.S.

K. B. Bailey is now in Bombay.

Sheila Peel, who writes from Italy, gives an interesting account of a week's leave spent at the Albergo Italia at Aquila. She was impressed by the almost irresistible appeal which English cigarettes appear to have for the Italians, and relates how, in the market, stall-holders offered pieces of material with a whisper of "Cigarettes, Miss?"

D. Spencer appears to be travelling widely in the Far East. From Australia he flew to the Philippines, and more recently we hear of him in India.

We deeply regret to have to record the death of F. Bunting as a prisoner of War in Japanese hands. At school he was for several years an outstanding figure in football, in cricket and on the Sports field, where he was three times winner of the Victor Ludorum Cup and where he led the Jackals to victory in the competition for the Sports Shield in 1923 and 1924. Our deepest sympathy is extended to his widow (*nee* Molly Sisam).

Evelyn Johnson—now Mrs. Turner—has resigned from the Nursing service and is living in New Zealand.

We hear that J. Midlane is now in Sydney, Australia.

Among Old Scholars recently reported to have gone East are S. G. Biddle and P. G. Smith.

R. H. Arnold has been released from the Forces and has resumed his studies at Durham.

Joan Godwin was awarded a Kenrick prize in history at the Intermediate Arts examination at Birmingham University this year.

Christine Sanders has become by examination M.P.S. (Member of the Pharmaceutical Society), and has been appointed to the staff of Messrs. Boots, Ltd.

Kathleen Smallwood (*nee* Perks) has been for some time in South Africa.

Olwen Gwynne-Jones is Breed correspondent for "Our Dogs." She is on the judging list and is quite a "big noise" in the Shetland Sheepdog world.

Joan Vale has been granted a training award of £50 a year for three years by the Warwickshire Education Committee. She is undergoing her training at Bath Domestic Science Training College.

I. B. Howie has been awarded a County Agricultural Scholarship, tenable at Harper Adams Agricultural College.

Pamela Cresswell is training for nursing at the Cheltenham General Hospital.

J. Stewart, writing at the end of October from Hong Kong, tells of his meeting there with G. Wilkes a few weeks before. "As I was going ashore on duty," he remarks, "I happened to pass the time of day with a sailor nearby, and, on looking twice, my jaw sagged and I was speechless: it was Gordon Wilkes, who, as it turned out, is a telegraphist on a frigate which was alongside at the time for a boiler clean. For several days we were able to see one another and talk over old times before he left—perhaps for U.K.; who knows?"

W. Hunt has recently been home in Alcester on a short leave, having flown a 'plane to England from the Middle East.

Also home on leave is C. Bryan, who has recently been in Sweden.

We hear news of R. Spencer being in Hong Kong.

Diana Hunt is now Travelling Secretary of the Christian Auxiliary Movement.

A. W. Brand is somewhere in the Dutch East Indies.

P. Sherwood was present at the surrender of Singapore by the Japanese.

Among former scholars at the Universities and Colleges this term are:—*Birmingham University*: J. Buller, J. Godwin, K. Hemming, N. Kirby, D. Yapp; *Cambridge University*: N. Burns; *Durham University*: R. Arnold, K. Wilson; *Exeter University*: A. Butt; *London University*: M. Austin, J. Plesters; *Sheffield University*: M. Goodall; *Bath Domestic Science Training College*: J. Vale; *Bingley Training College*: M. Moizer; *Cheltenham Training College*: B. Adams, W. Archer; *Darlington Training College*: N. Nash; *Gloucester Training College*: S. Careless, D. Villers; *Liverpool Training College*: E. Henson; *St. Gabriel's Training College*: N. Smart.

The Old Scholars' team which met the School XI. on November 17th, consisted of J. Gray ; G. Pace, G. Collins ; J. Heard, D. Collett, G. Lucas ; R. Randall, W. Devey, F. Clark, R. Harris, M. Dowdeswell.

BIRTHS.

On July 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Canning—a son.

On August 1st, to Mr. and Mrs. K. Sherwood (*nee* Marjorie Sherwood)—a daughter.

On October 23rd, to Mr. and Mrs. B. Groom (*nee* Phyllis Horseman)—a son.

MARRIAGES.

On July 25th, at Redditch, Kenneth Harold Grubb (scholar 1933–36) to Beryl Watton.

On August 15th, at Northfield, George H. Gorman to Lucy M. Collier (scholar 1928–31).

On August 22nd, at Ranchi, Bihar, India, Sergeant Harold Edwin Yates (scholar 1927–33) to Mary Edith Freitas.

On September 3rd, at Webheath, Thomas Daly to Pamela Bond Smith (scholar 1931–32).

On September 8th, at Salford Priors, Frank Thomas Beaumont Swinger to Cicely Alberta Stanley (scholar 1935–40).

On September 25th, at Arrow, S/Sgt. Gordon R. Clark to Gillian Mary Fifield (scholar 1941–42).

On September 29th, at Salford Priors, David Harold Heath (scholar 1915–18) to Winifred Hilda Hill.

On October 8th, at Manchester, Joseph W. W. Diston Barton to Dorothy Winifred Rees (scholar 1931–40).

On October 16th, at Gaulby, Lieut.-Colonel E. Lancelot L. Earp (scholar 1915–27) to Frances Jean Keay.

On November 21st, at Oxford, David Greig to Edith L. Clark (scholar 1917–22).

DEATH.

On May 3rd, 1943, as a prisoner of war in Japanese hands, Frederick Bunting (scholar 1913–24) aged 36 years.

THE SCHOOL REGISTER.

Valeté.

- *Adams, E. M. (VI), 1942-45.
 *Black, E. M. (VI), 1939-45.
 *Burns, N. P. (VI), 1936-45.
 *Drinkwater, R. H. (VI), 1939-45.
 *Hale, P. D. (VI), 1939-45.
 *Howie, I. B. (VI), 1940-45.
 *Nash, N. J. (VI), 1938-45.
 *Pace, G. J. (VI), 1939-45.
 *Plesters, R. J. (VI), 1937-45.
 *Bridgman, D. E. (Upp. Va), 1940-45.
 *Farquhar, C. (Upp. Va), 1940-45.
 *Ganderton, W. M. (Upp. Va), 1940-45.
 *Higgs, J. G. E. (Upp. Va), 1940-45.
 James, E. R. (Upp. Va), 1940-45.
 Richardson, J. (Upp. Va), 1941-45.
 Steele, J. N. (Upp. Va), 1940-45.
 Asbury, J. (Upp. Vb), 1941-45.
 Cale, G. T. (Upp. Vb), 1941-45.
 Clark, F. (Upp. Vb), 1940-45.
 Gray, J. A. W. (Upp. Vb), 1940-45.
 Higgs, W. S. (Upp. Vb), 1940-45.
 Megainey, J. E. (Upp. Vb), 1940-45.
 *Toye, A. G. (Upp. Vb), 1939-45.
 Jones, F. M. (Low. Va), 1941-45.
 Layton, M. D. (Low. Va), 1941-45.
 Harris, G. J. (Low. Vb), 1939-45.
 Haywood, C. G. (Low. Vb), 1941-45.
 Johnson, L. R. (Low. Vb), 1940-45.
 Oakley, F. D. (Low. Vb), 1940-45.
 Collins, R. (Trans.), 1942-45.
 Dew, J. J. (Trans.), 1939-45.
 Dowdeswell, M. J. (Trans.), 1941-45.
 Hood, J. M. (Trans.), 1942-45.
 Slaughter, M. F. (Trans.), 1941-45.
 Whadcoat, R. J. (Trans.), 1941-45.
 Farquhar, A. R. (Upp. IVa), 1942-45.
 McFarlane, W. A. (Upp. IVa), 1942-45.
 Rogers, A. K. (Upp. IVa), 1941-45.
 Stanley, P. G. (Upp. IVa), 1942-45.
 Ellis, P. L. (Low. IVa), 1943-45.
 Yeates, G. A. (Low. IVa), 1942-45.
 Seccombe, J. G. (Low. IVb), 1942-45.
 Higgs, A. R. N. (IIIb), 1940-45.
 Darby, J. J. (Upp. Rem.), 1941-45.
 Hay, B. C. (Upp. Rem.), 1944-45.
 Kinnersley, M. (Upp. Rem.), 1943-45.
 Perrins, R. T. (Upp. Rem.), 1943-45.
 Stone, M. A. (Upp. Rem.), 1941-45.
 Hay, A. M. (Low. Rem.), 1941-45.
 Stone, M. D. (Low. Rem.), 1941-45.
 * Prefect.

Omitted Last Term.

Davies, G. W. (Low. Rem.), 1943-45. Seccombe, C. I. (Low. Rem.), 1942-45

Salvete.

Bartlett, S. F.	(IIIb).	Jones, D.	(IIIb).
Beasley, J. A.	(IIIa).	King, A.	(IIIb).
Bennett, M. M.	(IIIb).	Laight, P. J.	(IIa).
Bladon, R. M.	(IIIb).	Langford, J. D.	(IIIb).
Bradley, A. J.	(IIIb).	Langham, M.	(IIIb).
Budden, S.	(IIIb).	Langston, R. K.	(IIIb).
Churchley, P. R.	(IIIb).	Malin, D. K.	(IIIa).
Cox, J. M.	(IIIa).	Malin, S.	(IIIa).
Daffern, I. L.	(IIIb).	Milward, J. M.	(IIIa).
Deer, F. A.	(IIIa).	Orton, I.	(Low. IVa).
Dixon, E. J.	(IIIa).	Parriss, F. J.	(IIIa).
Duckett, C. P.	(IIIa).	Payne, D. R.	(IIIa).
Dyke, S. M.	(IIIb).	Pearce, D. J.	(IIIb).
Easton, R. J.	(IIIa).	Pinfield, D. A.	(IIIb).
Etsell, D.	(IIIa).	Reynolds, A. W.	(IIIa).
Fletcher, B. V. A.	(IIIb).	Richards, A.	(IIIa).
Fogg, M. E.	(IIIb).	Sallis, R. A.	(IIIa).
Gowers, P. M.	(IIIa).	Sargeant, E. A.	(IIIa).
Gray, A. J.	(IIIa).	Shelton, B. J.	(IIIb).
Hammond, J. M.	(IIIa).	Smart, J. M.	(IIIa).
Harman, A. E.	(IIIb).	Spencer, S. M.	(IIIa).
Hewins, V. A.	(IIIb).	Trout, B. M.	(IIIb).
Hopkins, J. M.	(IIIb).	Waring, J. M.	(IIIa).
Houghton, B.	(IIIa).	Warmington, M. J.	(IIIb).
Houghton, E. M.	(IIIa).	Wilks, J. M.	(IIIa).
Hunt, W. R.	(IIIa).	Williams, M. I.	(IIIb).
		Wilson, A.	(IIIb).

There have been 333 pupils in attendance this term.

"THE LAND OF HEARTS AFIRE."

It was a beautiful morning in May, with a slight haze that was vanishing beneath the brilliant sun. My friend and I were going for a walk and we intended to climb the long rise behind our home and explore the valley which lay on the far side. After a hard climb we reached the top and before us stretched, not the gleaming, fertile land we had expected, but what appeared to be a dark, grey, woolly blanket that enveloped all. We looked at each other in consternation, for in such a climate as ours we had never experienced fog such as now lay before us. We were a brave pair, however, and on we went. When we had descended some considerable distance, the actual fog was no longer visible, but all around was a grey bleak, dripping world. Few houses were to be seen, the hedges and trees were bare. The air was chilly, the wind sighed mournfully in the naked branches and all was damp. It was a queer place and one could not imagine that it was real. We kept going and presently our road became a cart-track. It was easier to walk on the limp bedraggled turf that served as a kerb. Round a bend we came upon a big Bentley sports, with a farm-labourer vainly turning the engine. We asked him what was the matter, and he told us that he was going to the doctor's, eight miles away, from the farm, and had run out of petrol. The car had been taken home without sufficient petrol to go out again. "Well," said I to my friend, "that was a foolish thing to do. Fancy taking a car to the farm like that." Anyway, a farmer in this miserable hole could never afford a Bentley. The man heard me and nodded his head, mumbling in some broken dialect that seemed strangely in keeping with this grey world. Then, he said: "Oi dun't rightly knaw, maister, and I reckons that's why it 'appens 'ere." With that he bent again to his engine, and there we left him, alone under a lowering dark sky.

Further on, where we had climbed up to a desolate moorland, we heard the sound of a mowing machine. "What!" I exclaimed, "Hay cutting in this weather!" And there it was, a man in the seat, and two great slow horses plodding along in front. He was apparently cutting a stretch of rough grass, and the tumbled swath lay raggedly behind. The end was reached, but instead of going round the piece as one normally does, he turned and went back up the same side. "Hey! Jim," I burst out, "He can't cut up the same side when the mower knife does not move." "Huh! can't he!" said Jim, "I'm getting used to this sort of thing here."

Jim was quite right. We came next to a small cottage, isolated on the deserted moor. A man stood at the window,

behind us. Suddenly, however, we caught the sound of running footsteps and turning, saw a dishevelled young man, with a shock of dark hair almost covering horn-rimmed spectacles, a fountain pen in one hand and a bunch of manuscripts under his arm, making for the fog. "Hey!" we called out, "Do you know what that place is called?" "Where I'm going?" he replied, as though jerked out of a dream, "That's the land that only authors know."

What a relief it is to read a book whose author knows what he is writing about, who has taken the trouble to look up his facts, and who has lived among the people of whom he writes. That is undoubtedly why we go back to classics, written in the spacious days when writing was an art and reading a recreation.

FOOTNOTE.—

All the slightly ridiculous episodes of our vision are well-authenticated, being based on actual passages in the works of modern authors.

D. H. EADIE (VI).

A MODERN RED RIDING HOOD.

Once upon a time in a little prefabricated house at the edge of a large wood, there lived a little girl with her father and mother. She was called Red Riding Hood, because her mother, a member of the local Make do and Mend Class, had fashioned her a cloak and bonnet out of her old scarlet curtains.

One day her mother called her and asked her to take some dainties to her grandmother, who had caught a cold while waiting in a fish queue. Then she filled a small basket with a little pat of margarine, a small packet of dried egg, a tin of dried milk and a pot of jam. Little Red Riding Hood then set off through the wood.

As she went along she could hear her father chopping down the trees for firewood as the coal situation was still difficult.

She had not gone far, when she met a wolf. "Where are you going?" he asked. "I am going to visit my grandmother who lives in the new colony of prefabricated houses at the other side of the wood," she replied. "Come with me, my dear; I know where you can get some silk stockings without coupons," said the wolf. But Red Riding Hood who was wise to the ways of Black Marketeers took no notice. "Never mind, my dear, we shall meet again," he said, and then bounded off to the grand-mother's, where he hoped to bargain with the old lady for her priority sheeting docket, but, finding that she would not part with it, he ate her up. Then, putting on her utility nightcap, he sprang into bed.

Meanwhile, Red Riding Hood reached her grand-mother's and knocked at the door, "Come in, my dear," called the wolf, imitating the grandma's voice. "I have brought you a little pat of margarine, a small packet of dried egg, a tin of dried milk, and a jar of jam" said Red Riding Hood. She then went up to the bed. "Oh, grandma," she exclaimed, "what bright eyes you've got!" "Ah, my dear, I've been eating carrots all during the winter and my increased vitamin A has greatly improved my eyesight." "Oh, grandma, what big ears you've got!" "Ah, my dear, constant listening to the kitchen front has enlarged my ears tremendously." "Oh, grandma," cried Red Riding Hood, "what big teeth you've got!" "Ah, the effort of masticating my weekly meat ration, has not only strengthened my jaws, but sufficiently sharpened my teeth to eat you, my dear." And the wolf sprang out of bed, on to the terrified Red Riding Hood. "Help, Help" she screamed: and her father, accompanied by several stalwart members of the W.W.A.E.C., the W.L.A. and a sprinkling of German prisoners and Italian 'allies' rushed in. "Stop," cried the wolf, "Spare my life and I will make it worth your while. I have something here, worth its weight in gold," and from behind his back he drew out a box of a hundred Gold Flake. At the sight of these rarities the men made one rush and the wolf in the ensuing melée, sprang through the window and disappeared into the forest.

ANNE HEMMING (Upp. IVb).

MUCH LAMENTED.

We crept mournfully outside. He was dead—he, who had been our playmate and the companion of our leisure hours. Never again would he amuse us with his comical antics. Nevermore would he be our guest at tea-time. In future he would not be waiting eagerly for us, when we came home from school. Slowly, it penetrated our benumbed brain, that we had lost in death our most cherished friend.

Quietly, our hearts nearly broken by sorrow, we wandered into the garden. At least, we thought, we could pay our last respects to the dead, by digging him a grave under the plum tree, where to-morrow he would be laid, after the fit and proper burial ceremony. A friend of ours brought round the coffin that same evening. We, shedding many tears, laid him tenderly in it. We put the first few violets of the year in with him. The lid was nailed down and we retired to rest.

The funeral, next morning, was a simple yet touching ceremony. Many of our friends and his had come, for he had been universally popular and a source of delight to many. The coffin was lowered and the grave filled in. It was all over. Winkie, our little white mouse, was lost to us for ever.

MAUREEN PALLETT (Upp. Va).

NOTES AND NEWS.

The Autumn Term began on Monday, September 10th, and closes on Thursday, December 20th.

The head boy is Hillman ; the head girl is Eileen Rose.

This term the prefects are:—*Boys*, (senior) Hillman, Eadie i, Gray i, Hancox, Mortimer ; (junior), Cook, Gittus, Hadwen i, McCarthy i, Moizer, Steveni i, Wood i ; *Girls*, (senior) E. Rose, Z. Mason, J. Horseman, S. Woolley, S. Rymell ; (junior) S. Summerhill, S. Stallard, J. Paddock, M. Irving, W. Howes, D. Harris, M. Pallett, R. French, J. Stringer, B. Whitehead, B. Baseley.

The Sides Captains are:—*Brownies*, Hillman, J. Horseman, R. French ; *Jackals*, Cook, S. Rymell, M. Irving ; *Tomtits*, Eadie i, E. Rose, S. Summerhill.

The Football Captain is Hillman ; the Hockey Captain is S. Summerhill.

Towards the end of last term, the new canteen was brought into full use for dinners, and the former dining-room ceased to be used for that purpose, being temporarily allotted to the Sixth Form as a form-room.

Congratulations to A. K. Rogers who last term won a scholarship of the value of £50 a year for Kingswood School.

The early finish of the Oxford examinations in July provided an opportunity for arranging a number of out-of-the-classroom activities, which might otherwise have been crowded out.

Between July 16th and 27th the Gold Medal Tennis Tournament was played. In the final match, N. Nash beat S. Summerhill 6—2, 3—6, 6—4.

In the same period all the Cricket and Tennis Sides matches were played off.

On Wednesday, July 18th, the Sixth and Upper Fifth had their Tennis party.

On Friday, July 20th, a Discussion Group for the Sixth and some members of the Upper Fifth was led by the Rev. S. Bailey.

A debate on the subject of Nationalisation took place on Monday, July 23rd. Members of the Sixth, Upper and Lower Fifth and Transition attended the meeting.

The Girls' Tennis tournament was held on Tuesday, July 24th.

On the following day there was a Rounders tournament for all girls and for the boys of the Lower Fourths and Thirds.

The Preparatory department had an end of term party on Thursday, July 26th, when a play was presented by Lower Remove.

The Summer Term closed with a Staff *v.* School Tennis match, which the Staff narrowly won by five sets to four. The Teams were:—*Staff*, Miss Chandler and Mr. Druller; Miss Flynn and Mr. Hadwen; Miss Wooldridge and Mr. Thornton. *School*, Z. Mason and Pace i; N. Nash and Mortimer; W. Ganderton and Cook.

Cricket Colours were awarded to Hancox, Pace i, Clark i, Cook and Stone i.

Promotions to new forms were made on the last two days of the term. The old dining-room has become the form-room of Transition.

After several years occupation of utterly inadequate quarters, the Sixth Form, who are now more than twenty in number, have at last been given a form-room large enough to accommodate them.

During the last month of the Summer Term, the Alcester district felt the effects of the Midland Red 'Bus strike. On some mornings there were no 'buses running to the school, and some afternoons 'buses which had brought pupils in the morning failed to turn up to take them back home. On the whole, the attendance was very good, the cycle sheds being crowded to overflowing. In the afternoon, on more than one occasion every available taxi in the district was called in to convey stranded pupils to their homes.

It will be noticed that this term one of the regular reports is missing—the Scouts. At the end of last term Mr. Walker felt that it was quite impossible for him to carry on the troop satisfactorily, owing to the very large number of scouts, in the training of whom there was no other member of the

Staff to assist him. We feel sure that the many scouts who have passed through A.G.S. will be very sorry to learn of the closing-down of their old troop.

We wish to thank Miss Mullens and Betty Adams for the Volumes presented by them to the Reference Library.

In July we said good-bye to Miss Smye and Mr. Booth.

This term we welcome Miss J. Young, who has joined the Staff to teach English.

Miss E. Sanders has been appointed Domestic Science Mistress to visit the School on Mondays and Tuesdays.

Speech Day, postponed from July 26th, was held on Thursday, September 13th, when the Upper and Middle School assembled in the Alcester Picture House. The address was given and the certificates presented by Dr. Charles Hill (the Radio doctor). Afterwards tea was served in the canteen to Governors and parents of members of the Sixth and Upper Fifth.

Some reorganisation of the School Day has been necessitated this term by the adoption of the new requirements for registration under the Education Act. All lessons are now of thirty-five minutes duration; five minutes from nine-ten to nine-fifteen in the morning, and from one-forty-five to one-fifty in the afternoon are devoted to registration; and the break now begins at eleven o'clock.

We offer our hearty thanks to an anonymous donor for the handsome gift of a complete "Encyclopædia Britannica."

Half-term consisted of the five days, October 29th to November 2nd. This extended holiday supplied a most welcome break in the middle of a long term.

On Wednesday, October 17th, the School went in force to Redditch, where a special showing of the film "Henry V." was presented at the Danilo Cinema. The journeys to and from Redditch were made by rail, reserved accommodation being provided on both trains.

Our best thanks to the Spencer family for their gift of books.

Sonia Shore was one of the representatives of Midland Regional in a 'Regional Round' broadcast on Wednesday, November 20th.

Since December 3rd, one of the Bidford 'buses travels *via* Welford, both morning and afternoon.

THE SWALLOWS.

(Translated from the French).

" Bowed under his fetters the old warrior sighed
As a captive he stood on the shore
Of Morocco, " Oh swallows, I you have espied
Who have brought to me memories once more
Of my country from which every winter you come
When you fly to this hot, burning sand,
Oh you surely have come out of France—from my home ;
Will you not speak to me of that land ?

" During these three long years I have asked you to give
To me, here, a reminder of home ;
Of that valley in which at one time I did live,
Where I dreamt of a sweet life to come.
You can see our small cottage, in the bend of the stream
Which flows down to the lake, clear and blue,
The lilac trees shade it, and soften its gleam ;
Will you not speak to me of that view ?

" Perhaps one of you was first brought to the light
On the roof beneath which I was born ;
If you were, did you not, midst your joy and delight
Feel the pain of my mother ; forlorn,
Even dying, she thinks every hour she can hear
That my footsteps approach once again,
And she cries, when at last she finds I'm not near ;
Will you not speak to me of her pain ?

" Oh will you now say if my sister is wed ?
Have you seen a large crowd of our boys
At the wedding, invited by her to the spread ?
Did they tell in their songs all her joys ?
And the friends of my youth, who in those fights of yore
Used to follow me right to the end,
Have they each one returned to the village once more ;
Will you not speak to me of a friend ?

" Perhaps over their bodies some stranger makes way,
As the road of the vale he does roam ;
Perhaps under the roof of my sister does stay
And as master, he breaks up her home.
Now, perhaps, a dear mother no longer is there
Who can pray for me, chained over here,
Oh, you swallows who come from my own native air,
Will you not speak to me of this fear ? "

GRAY i. (Form VI).

THE NEW HOUSING SCHEME.

The inhabitants of a little wooded village I know have, like all other villages and towns, made a new housing scheme.

About two hundred houses are to be built by next spring. They are not being built where the old village is, but in a wood nearby. They are very cheap and can be put up quickly. The best point about them is that they are being made with the wood taken from the neighbourhood. They are not going to be built by expert builders, but by those who are going to live in them.

The other day as I was strolling round this wood I came across this new village. One of the houses had just been finished. The outside was dark brown and it looked very cosy. Feeling curious, I had a look inside. There was nobody in it, but it had been furnished in green and brown with a little bit of white for decoration. The inner walls were the same colour as the outside, dark brown.

I continued my walk, wondering who the owners of this delightful little house were. Not long after I heard a babel of voices coming from just round the corner. I turned the corner and there in front of me were the future inhabitants of this pretty village, excitedly discussing the plans and making new friends. One was standing on a tree stump making a speech. His eloquence was often interrupted by the cheers of his audience.

Down a path to my right I could see some more houses being built. I went down this path to see these houses; they were very much like the one I have described, but some were larger and some smaller.

The builders seemed to be in a great hurry, for not one was having a rest or talking to anybody else.

I left the wood thinking that, if we were as quick in putting our housing scheme into operation as were these birds, there would be no shortage of houses.

KATHLEEN HOLMES (Upper Va).

MY TABBY CAT.

I have a lovely tabby cat,
With a beautiful coat of fur.
I call her by the name of Pat,
Then, she begins to purr.

This little cat who is so sweet,
Is only a few months old.
She climbs the trees to watch the birds,
With eyes that shine like gold.

EILEEN LAWRENCE (Lower IVa).

A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

Life seemed very tiring, as I lay on my camp bed in a lonely outpost in the Himalayas, even to a British officer in the Indian Army. All there was to do was to see that a few Indian tribes behaved. Anyway I felt sleepy and I soon fell asleep.

I have no idea of what time it was, but I remember awakening with a start, and with the impression of somebody being in the tent. Yes, I could feel someone brushing against my bed. Silently I threw back the blankets and tensed myself for action. I jumped and landed fairly and squarely on the back of my visitor, who went crashing to the ground. Suddenly he gave a very muffled bleat, threw me off and bolted out of the tent.

I sat there amazed. Obviously what I had taken for a thief was nothing more than a mountain goat! I climbed back into bed, dazed and annoyed.

D. W. DIPPLE (Transition).

THE UPPER IVa. OF YEARS GONE BY.

That was the form of Upper IVa,
Who toiled and laboured all the day,
And never had a moment's play.

They always were ready with pencil and pen,
By the time the clock struck ten,
They never need do their work again.

They were always ready in their place,
Always with a cheerful face:
Of dirty floors there were no trace.

But now Upper IVa. has changed indeed,
And peace and order is much in need.

SHEILA INGRAM (Upper IVa).

DRAKE'S DRUM.

As Peter was wandering along the promenade, he passed an old sailor, who was humming a song to himself while mending a fishing net. Partly out of curiosity, and partly because he had nothing to do, Peter sauntered up to the sailor. "Please, sir, what is that song you are singing?" The sailor lifted his head and his grizzled old face broke into wreaths of smiles. "Do you want me to tell you a story?"

he asked. Peter readily agreed, and settled himself beside his newly-made friend. The old man sucked his pipe for a minute, while thinking. "Well, it's like this," he said, "Once upon a time a man named Drake set sail one day and smashed up the Spanish fleet. I don't know much about it, but he had a drum, and he said that when he died, his drum must be sent to England, and hung by the sea. Then, when we were in trouble, and our ships were getting smashed up, we were to roll the drum, and he would sail up to the enemy in his ship. No one knows where the drum is, but they think it is round about this district that it's supposed to hang."

At that moment Peter's mother called him in to tea. He would have loved to listen to other tales; they were so interesting. That evening, about half-an-hour before his bedtime, Peter looked along the shore, behind bushes, and in between rocks, but could not find the drum.

He found that he couldn't sleep. The night was still and oppressive. He couldn't get Drake's Drum out of his mind. He was just picturing what it would be like, when in the distance came the low, but unmistakable sound of a drum being rolled. The sound rose and swelled. Peter leaped out of bed and peered out of the window. His bedroom looked out on to the sea. There was a kind of haze now, but as he looked he saw a shape looming through the mist. Suddenly the mist rose, and revealed a ship, shining white. Peter gazed at it in growing amazement. He felt rather scared. There wasn't a sound now. The ship glided forward, until it seemed to be coming right up to his window. He gave a cry and closed his eyes. When he opened them again, he found his mother bending over him.

"There," she said "I told you that you should not have had so much cheese for supper."

SONIA SHORE (Lower Va).

MY NEW SCHOOL.

My first week at School was such lovely fun,
But now there is home-work that has to be done.
French and Latin at first were so strange.
Mathematics and Needlework were quite a change.
Staying to dinner is really a treat;
One thing about it there's always a sweet.
I sit by a window—it's lovely and cool;
And now I am settled I like my new school.

JUNE MILWARD (IIIa).

A.G.S. VISITS THE CINEMA.

Shakespeare is not considered a great writer by the average science student. We only remember him as the author of seemingly endless lines of monotonous blank verse, which were written—we erroneously thought—for our discomfort in the early years of our education. On this day, however, we were grateful for one Shakespearean Master—"Henry V."—and were not unwilling to attend a showing of that film.

After the marking of the registers—an irksome and uninteresting proceeding, which has to be endured by Staff and pupils alike—and the completion of the first period, we had dinner. Although this is usually accompanied by many complaints regarding the quantity allowed us, there was very little dissatisfaction. One individual found part of the tin still attached to his portion of spam; but there were no more amusing incidents, and the meal was soon over.

We then attached ourselves to the different Form Masters, whom we were to assist during the day. After this the school went to the Station to await the arrival of the Redditch train. A number of us were offered a varied assortment of sweets, and one prefect was asked if he would like a cigarette—we need hardly add that he refused. The train journey passed without incident—although the tunnel we passed through caused some hilarity among certain pupils.

Few Cinemas can have had such a well-behaved audience, and—we venture to add—such an interested one. During the film there were a few ominous sounds, which reminded us of the kindly offers we had received earlier, but these were very infrequent. Finally, this enjoyable film drew to a close, and we left the cinema with a somewhat different opinion of Shakespeare.

The train was thirty minutes late, but the time soon passed—chiefly, because we had a very lively discussion on films in general. The return journey was made very interesting for us by the comments passed by those in our charge. These were highly amusing, although not exactly enlightening. On arriving at Alcester Station one Master was much perturbed at finding a person missing—the "offender" was, however, hidden behind one of his more massive classmates.

At School there were some refreshments for everyone. These consisted of two biscuits and a glass of lemonade each, and were very acceptable after our early dinner. We then wended our different ways home—all very jubilant (there was no homework to be done) and not a few of us hoping that visits to the Cinema would become a regular part of the school curriculum.

Vith Form (Science).

AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE LAW.

It is surprising in this world of justice how innocent people are often compelled to take the punishment, while the guilty are let off. I once experienced this myself.

One evening, at dusk, I was riding my bicycle along a quiet road. On my right were a few houses, while on my left were the back gardens of some others, separated from the road by a low hedge. Suddenly, with no warning, a boy jumped over this hedge, seized my bicycle and dragged me off, while others pelted me with rotten apples. One of the boys had a catapult which he took great joy in using! I was dragged over the hedge by my ambusher, my bicycle being left in a clump of stinging-nettles. I managed to break away from my captor, and, spying an "ammunition dump" of rotten apples, small pebbles and other missiles, I promptly opened fire on my ambushers with the apples.

In the midst of the fray, with rotten apples flying everywhere, I heard a cry from the road, which I recognised as belonging to the local policeman, P.C.123; and by the tone of his voice he had obviously received a direct hit with one of the ripe, squashy apples! My guess was confirmed when I heard a voice from the road shout:—"Hi! What be you young scoundrels a-doin' of? I be the representative of the law, an' I want your names an' addresses!"

The sudden appearance on the scene of the local policeman caused consternation. Unfortunately, it was I who had thrown the apple, so I nervously went forward.

"I'm very sorry, sir, but it was an accident," I began.

"Huh! we'll soon see about that!" P.C.123 replied, and promptly pulled out his dilapidated note-book and took my name and address!

He was just on the point of departing, when my ambushers, thoroughly enjoying my dilemma, thought it would be funny to add to my plight. One of them, yelling some rude, uncomplimentary remark at the departing P.C., accompanied this with a rotten apple! The policeman turned.

"I'll have you locked up for this," he cried, and so saying hurriedly retraced his steps and, the others by now having run away out of sight, grabbed me by the scruff of my neck and proceeded to "lock me up."

My ambushers, perceiving this strange turn of affairs, fearing that I might "twit on them," again took action. As a man, they rushed at P.C.123, and, having bowled him off his feet, advised me to "run for it." I eagerly took their advice, and recovered my bicycle from the bed of nettles. I did not wait to see what happened; I rode off as fast as my machine would carry me.

Several days later, I read in the local newspaper how P.C.123 had been assaulted by an unknown boy, and when the constable had attempted to take this boy into custody, *friends* had rescued him, and all had escaped. You may think I was overjoyed at hearing of my rescuers' escape, but I was not. After all they were the real culprits, and they *had* got away, hadn't they?

PRESTIDGE (Upp. Vb).

PRACTISING.

My duty is to practise, for half-an-hour each day,
My scales they must be perfect, or I may not go to play.
I've many pieces I must learn and many to revise,
And if I practise well each day, then none may criticise.

My fingers run along the keys as if they were gone crazy;
It is good exercise for them, and makes them not so lazy.
And if I go all wrong, in one, and make some bad mistakes,
I have to start my piece again, and what a time it takes.

And when I am a pianist, and play before the "mike,"
I'll say "It's thanks to practising, which once I did not like."
But oh! I'm only thinking this, it's still the same old thing;
Still practising makes perfect, so I'll keep on practising.

R. KINNERSLEY (Upper IVb).

A QUIET EVENING.

In the evening my dog Rip comes in from the garden and puts on her carpet slippers. She then goes to her kennel to choose a book from her private library, but instead of one she brings back an armful. She jumps into her chair, puts on her spectacles and settles down to read.

"Bones!" Rip licks her lips and opens the book carefully yet eagerly. She looks at a picture of a bone, licks the page and then has a bite at it. She is so disgusted to find the page has no flavour that she throws down the book and picks up another.

My goodness! "Cats." She turns to a picture of a cat up a tree. Yap! yap! yap! She yaps so much that the book falls off her knee and she is too lazy to get down and pick it up.

"Rats, Mice and Fleas" is her next selection. Oh, now for some fun! But the rats are standing still. What a nuisance! Rip turns to mice; she just passes them over, not even looking at them. Fleas? The very idea makes her nuzzle her soft, white fur in search of some, and that is how she goes to sleep, curled up dreaming of fleas.

The rest of the armful lie forgotten beneath "The Postman's Trousers."

B. DRULLER (IIIa).

WINTER.

Now that Winter is drawing on,
 The leaves begin to fall;
 The birds are singing their last sweet song.
 Hurrah! for the first snowball.

When Christmas comes to us at last,
 Bringing joy, good cheer and fun,
 The children happily think of the past,
 While eating blanc-mange and iced bun.

CONNIE WYATT (Lower IVb).

MY HALF TERM HOLIDAY.

As we had a whole week this year for our half-term holiday, we all went to Weston for a few days. We travelled by car for the first time since the war, and stayed at a farm near Kewstoke. It was a lovely afternoon when we arrived, the sea was in, and the sun was shining just like a summer's day. We had a long walk from our farm to the sea. The next morning we went on to the sands, and in the afternoon went into Weston, where we had a sail in the bay. The boat had a large red sail, and it was very interesting to watch the boatman work the boat. It was November the first, and the boatman told us it was the first time he had had his boat out in November.

Another day we went a walk through the woods, where the trees were very pretty in their autumn colours. We returned home on Sunday, ready for school again, after spending a most enjoyable holiday.

CATON (IIIa).

OLLA PODRIDA.

We shall never, says R.J.B., walk to school with a bear head.

The capacity of a condenser, according to R.J.W., depends on the distance apart of the plates being greater the less this distance.

A mixture can be separated with the naked eye, writes G.E.B.

To break it up we put it in a molar, says M.B.S., and crunch it up.

Bell, remarks V.S., was the first to produce sound.

Iron is attractive to a magnet, says W.M.

When phosphorus is put into a gas-jar, writes M.C., it burns antreponsiblously.

A chemical change, A.M. states, is hard to revise, a physical change is easy to revise.

Medicus cum captivo caeco in hortum regiae ambulabat means, according to G. K., Medicine for slaves' shoes in hundreds for the King to walk in.

We filled a basin three-quarters full with acid, writes R.J.W., and added an equal amount of water.

'Messimus' is apparently a new Latin word discovered by a former Lower Fourth linguist.

The test for this gas is to smell it ; it is extremely poisonous, writes A.D.S.

Amorphous, according to B.J., is Greek for " without life."

Normal salt, states a Transition scientist, is what we use for our vegetables.

THE BUS.

The 'buses arrive in one long line,
They always arrive whether wet or fine,
On the 'bus it is always a crush.
That is the worst of travelling by 'bus.

Through the corridor so small,
We all troop into the hall.
Then to our form rooms we depart
In our lessons to take part.

When our work for the day is done,
We pack our satchels with much fun.
Then off to the 'buses we all rush,
That is the worst of travelling by bus.

MONICA CHEADLE (Upper IVa).
and JEANNETTE SILVESTER (Upper IVa).

RIVAL NEIGHBOURS.

Dandy and Susie live in a row of semi-detached houses. Their drives fuse and one gate is shared. There is a hedge which divides the backyards and in that is one solitary apple-tree.

These two have always disliked each other and consequently are always fighting, and anyone in the locality is in danger of being knocked down. When they fight it is a case of look out everybody! here they come, then z - o - o - m, two shadows flash past.

"Those animals." grumbles some one, "they ought to be - - - -"

"Quite, quite," replies a reproving voice. "Well, they ought - - -" "If you were a dog or cat you would do the same." "I would not." "You definitely would." "I would not." "There you are, you are fighting now."

Let us leave them to it and I will tell you about the postman who was unfortunate enough to be near when "those animals" disagreed. He was peacefully walking up the drive with a bundle of letters in his hand, when s - w - i - s - h, out rushed two shadows, two distinct bumps were heard and then over went the postman, over went the dog, over went the cat and letters floated everywhere. The noise attracted attention and as their owners appeared to help the poor man on to his feet, Dandy and Susie slunk off, to be found an hour or so later having a fight in the air-raid shelter. The dog was minus lumps of skin and the cat lacked half an ear and lumps of fur. They had evidently both decided on the same hiding-place.

Another amusing incident happened when a mouse was thrown to them by a neighbour. Both thought it belonged to them and of course both decided to have it. The result was a very impolite argument. Susie with the aid of her claws eventually managed to persuade Dandy to give in like a gentleman and, smiling all over her face, she turned to enjoy the poor little mouse; but that tasty morsel must have had other ideas, because he had run away while they were arguing. When Dandy saw what had happened, he laughed so much that he had hiccoughs. This of course annoyed Susie who promptly boxed his ears and once more the neighbourhood echoed with their cries.

"Those animals if I catch them, I'll - - -" We will not listen to our cheerful friend but form our own opinions. I myself think they do not deserve such hatred. Why not? Well you see, I am Susan. JOAN PROSSER (Upp. Va.)

A VISIT TO OXFORD.

A few months ago we spent a day in Oxford, a town which to me seems like a world of its own. The beautiful old colleges give it an air of serenity. Unfortunately, they were not open to the public, and so we had to be content with walking round the grounds. This, however, was by no means unpleasant, as it was very peaceful in the gardens of those colleges.

At mid-day we found a quiet shady spot secluded from the traffic of the busy streets, and here we sat down, most thankful for the seats, although they were very uncomfortable. In the centre of this shady nook was a memorial to the men who had paid the supreme sacrifice in the Boer War.

After we had rested, we resumed our wanderings round the town, and this time we directed our steps towards the Bodleian Library and the Sheldonian Theatre. The Bodleian Library was also closed and we had to content ourselves with viewing the exterior. So, rather disappointed, we turned away and walked towards the Sheldonian Theatre, which, we had previously noticed, would be open for certain hours during the afternoon.

We entered by the East door and stood there a few minutes, bewildered by a voice which had greeted us, for, as far as we could see, there was no one there. We were not puzzled long, however, as an old lady appeared from the dim interior of a long narrow corridor. When we had made our entry into the Theatre itself, she invited us to sit down in order to see better the ceiling ; then she proceeded to tell us at length, how long she had been there herself, and a great deal of the history of the Theatre. This proved to be very interesting ; I sat back in my chair and looked up at the ceiling, while she unfolded details of many notable people who had been there to receive an honorary degree. These personages included the former Prince of Wales, King Haakon, Queen Wilhelmina and Winston Churchill.

The ceiling was divided into square panels ; on it the Arts and Sciences were depicted, and at the far end, from where I was sitting, Truth was pictured, casting out a horrible mass, which is called Evil into space. Our guide told us that the painting had been touched up only once during its long lifetime.

Afterwards, we signed our names in the Visitors' Book and left the Theatre. I was almost thankful the Colleges had been closed, as we might then have been unable to spend that enjoyable half-hour in the Sheldonian Theatre.

S. M. STALLARD (VI).

MY GARDEN.

My garden is as gay as can be ;
In the shade of the apple tree ;
With sunflowers and hollyhocks tall,
And roses by the garden wall ;
The lilies gay, pansies and phlox,
Sweet Williams, carnations and bushes of box.
Flowers I have of every hue,
Red, purple, white, yellow and blue.

SALLIS (IIIa).

SPRING FASHIONS.

How cold, wet and gray the winter is ! The world seems old and dead ; but every spring when the buds appear it grows new and young again.

The snowdrops in dainty green and white often peep through the snow. These with the yellow pollen-laden tails and tiny crimson tufts of the hazel catkin give the tidings " Spring is near." With the keen and cold winds of March come the yellow blooms of the coltsfoot.

All along the country lanes one sees the white, yellow and red dead-nettle, and the sunny footpaths shine with the stars of the lesser celandine. The silky, soft and grey blossoms of the willow catkins bring us near to Eastertide.

The woods are carpeted with wind-flowers white and the many petalled daisies shine in the new spring grass. The meadows and lanes are decorated with the tooth-like edged leaves, yellow blooms and clocks of the dandelion. Nothing could be brighter and more cheerful than this much maligned flower.

In orchards and gardens the golden daffodil may be seen blowing this way and that with the wind. When the modest, mauve dog-violet is hiding under the hedges the cuckoo arrives, announcing that Spring has really come.

The beauty of the primrose on its mossy banks, the dainty lady-smock by shallow streams, the cowslips dancing and playing with the lambs is only surpassed by woods carpeted with bells of blue. Surely the bluebell is rightly called the " Peerless woodland king."

No human fashion parade can compare with this gorgeous array !

ANNE ROGERS (Upp. Va).

SNOWDROPS.

The snowdrops in great clusters lie,
Beneath the cloudless azure sky,
They seem to sing this sweet refrain ;
That summer-time will come again.

The little birds that fly on high,
Sing songs of praise up in the sky.
I too, feel I'll have to sing,
'Cos winter's passed and now 'tis Spring.

ANN WILSON (IIIb).

OXFORD EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1945.

In the examinations held last July the following candidates obtained certificates :—

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

Group ii (Modern Studies).—E. M. Rose (History and English).

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

J. Asbury (5 credits) ; D. E. Bridgman (4 credits) ; *M. Budden (7 credits) ; G. T. Cale (3 credits) ; R. M. Cook (5 credits) ; C. Farquhar (5 credits) ; *W. M. Ganderton (7 credits) ; *J. H. Gittus (7 credits) ; *†E. G. Gray (8 credits) ; J. A. Gray (4 credits) ; H. E. Hadwen (7 credits) ; *J. G. E. Higgs (8 credits) ; W. S. Higgs (6 credits) ; *G. M. Howes (5 credits) ; I. B. Howie (5 credits) ; *W. P. McCarthy (6 credits) ; J. E. Megainey (3 credits) ; J. M. Paddock (3 credits) ; *J. Richardson (8 credits) ; *S. M. Stallard (5 credits) ; P. D. Steveni (5 credits) ; *S. L. Summerhill (8 credits) ; A. G. Toye (2 credits) ; *D. W. Wood (9 credits) ; *S. D. Woolley (7 credits).

* Qualified to claim exemption from the London Matriculation Examination.

† First in examination ; awarded the " Spencer " Cup.

NATIONAL SAVINGS.

Savings for the half year April to September 1945 amounted to £372.

Miss Weatherup, who has been Group Secretary for five and a half years has now resigned. Her place as secretary has been taken by Miss Young, who is assisted by Miss Rastrick. During Miss Weatherup's tenure of office, a total of £14,000 was saved through the group.

For the A.G.S. Thanksgiving Week, from November 12th to 17th a target of £500 is set. It is confidently expected that this sum will be exceeded.

CADETS.

C.-Sergeant-Major Hale has now entered the Royal Marines under the "Y" scheme; we wish him every success.

In August, fifteen cadets attended the annual camp, which was held at Coed-Helen, near Caernarvon. Owing to the cessation of hostilities in the Far East, two days were complete holidays; and on these days there was much jollification.

A Brigade parade was held at Birmingham this term, and the platoon was well represented.

Corporal Hillman ran in the Brigade sports at Birmingham, and was the winner of his event. As a result he was chosen for the team which represented Warwickshire in the inter-county sports held in London. He secured second place in his heat, and has received two medals for his performances.

Six cadets have played for the Battalion football team; some have also been chosen to represent the Brigade in its first match at Northampton.

CORPORAL D. MORTIMER.

FOOTBALL.

Captain - - Hillman.

In spite of the fact that about half last year's first team had left, the first eleven have had a very successful term so far. The vacancies in the team were filled satisfactorily, from players who had showed promise in the weekly practice match. The season opened with a hard-fought match against Redditch, and after being two down at the interval, the team rallied and we won 3—2. Every fixture since has shown further signs of improvement and the School has yet to be beaten. With the younger players gaining experience we entertain hopes of a very successful season.

The School has been represented this term by: Stone, Cook, Hadwen i, Richardson, Mortimer, Hancox, Woodfield, Mole, Moizer, McCarthy i, Harris, Lilley and Hillman.

Goal Scorers:—Woodfield 3, McCarthy 3, Mortimer 3, Harris 1, and Hillman 33.

Goal Aggregate: *For* 44. *Against* 10.

RESULTS.

A.G.S. v. Redditch C. H. S. (Home)	Won 3—2
v. Kings Norton G.S. (Home)	Won 5—2
v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (Away)	Won 6—2
v. Kings Norton G.S. (Away)	Won 8—0
v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (Home)	Won 4—3
v. Old Scholars (Home)	Won 9—0
v. Bromsgrove (Home)	Won 9—1

G.J.H.

HOCKEY.

Captain - - S. Summerhill.

The first eleven Hockey team has commenced the season well by winning the first two matches. A set back, however, was suffered when the return match with Evesham was lost. Here the second eleven showed its skill by managing to draw against their second eleven after two previous matches had been lost.

Both teams are enthusiastic and run round the field every day in order to keep fit for the next match, which they are hopeful of winning.

Great enthusiasm is also shown by the rest of the school, especially the Upper Fourth and Lower Fifth, where there are a number of promising players

RESULTS.

A.G.S. 1st XI	v. Redditch C.H.S. 1st XI. (Away)	Won	6—5
	v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 1st XI. (Away)	Won	5—3
	v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 1st XI. (Home)	Lost	2—4
A.G.S. 2nd XI	v. Redditch C.H.S. 2nd XI. (Away)	Lost	4—5
	v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 2nd XI. (Away)	Lost	1—3
	v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 2nd XI. (Home)	Drawn	3—3
		S.S.	

CRICKET.

Additional Results.

A.G.S. v. Stratford K.E.S. (Away)	Lost	60—112
v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (Home)	Won	81—62.

Sides Matches :—

Jackals beat Tomtits; Brownies beat Jackals; Brownies beat Tomtits. G.J.H.

TENNIS.

In addition to the matches recorded last term, the following fixtures were played :—

A.G.S. 1st VI.	v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. 1st VI. (Home),	Lost 4 sets to 5.
	v. Coughton Convent School (Home),	Lost 1 set to 8.

The Sides matches resulted as follows :—

Senior :—Jackals 5, Brownies 0; Tomtits 5, Brownies 0; Tomtits 5, Jackals 0.
Junior :—Brownies 5, Jackals 1; Tomtits 5, Brownies 1; Tomtits 5, Jackals 1.

Z.M.

FOR THE JUNIORS.

MY KITTEN AND I.

My kitten's name is Punch. He is black and white, with white paws and a tail with a black tip to it. He is very mischievous and bites in play. When I get home at night, he is on top of the next door roof. When he sees me, he runs to the top of the garage, and then on to the shelter and then to the ground. He comes running into the kitchen, up the hall and into the dining room and starts playing with me. When he gets tired, he goes to sleep on his chair.

JACQUELINE AALBREGT (Rem.)

MY FISH.

I have four fish. The name of one is Garry. I have not named the others yet. They swim round the bath and have a little home under the stones. Garry is five months, and the others four months old. If you put your finger in, they try to bite it.

DAVID WEAVER (Rem.)

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